

THE CARMELITE

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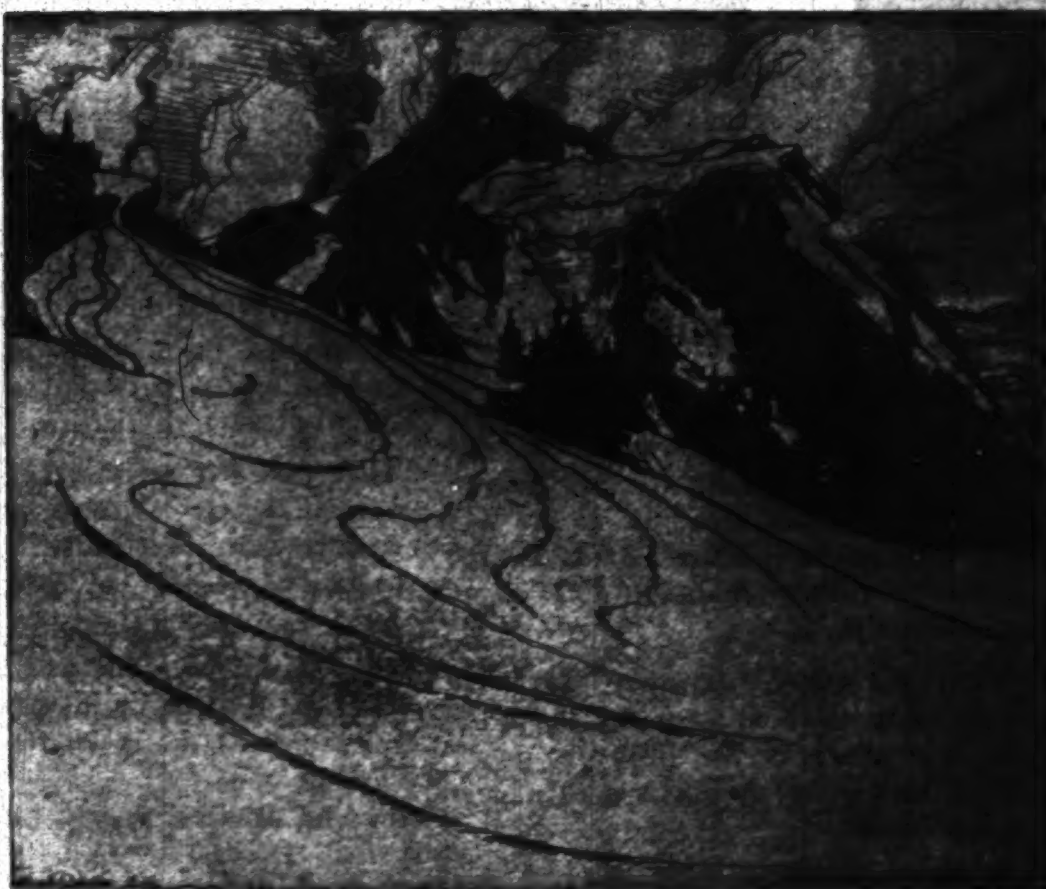
CONCRETE FOR SAN CARLOS

The City council meeting on Monday evening passed a resolution of intention to pave San Carlos Street with concrete from kerb to kerb from Fifth to Eighth Streets, and to recondition it the rest of the way, in accordance with the plan of Engineer Severance.

The public library's request for a heavy advance on the library budget was discussed, with final action set for the council meeting next Monday. No response had been received from the City Planning, at the time of the Monday meeting, in response to the request by the Council for further details as to the Commission's intentions for expenditure of the fifteen hundred dollars asked for.

It also agreed, in response to a letter of recommendation to that effect from Mr. H. F. Dickinson of the Sanitary Board, to allow the Carmel Hospital to make connections with the sewer upon payment of the very reasonable rate of fifty dollars a year.

UP NORTH



courtesy of The Argus
from an etching by Roi Partridge

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK

The lectures of Mr. A. E. Orage, during the last two weeks in Carmel, have drawn audiences of unusual brilliance, and continue as events of importance. Records of audience-reaction to them follow on several pages of this issue.

* * * *

The drive for subscriptions to keep open the Theatre of the Golden Bough has begun. Response must be prompt unless it is to close on September first:—and is so far active and excellent.

* * * *

The High School term has begun in Monterey. The Sunset School is preparing to open in Carmel, with several important additions to the faculty.

* * * *

The deer season is open for hunters. Additional sport in political preparations for the August primaries.

DUSK

Silence I can only gain from you...
I have moved inland from the noisy surf
To where the dunes are like the white deer feeding...
Above them are the stars
Not dusty lights tossed in the greyish foam
But bells of light poised in the dusk.

You are as lovely as a milk-white river
caroling through winter-bare groves of willow-wands;

As lovely as tracks of the raccoon in wet earth
Where the delicate little paws have left their prints;

You are as lovely as one little mound of grass
which the wind besieges,
and all the blades are a whirlpool
of wild wheat
Alive with the shaking dew.

—H. S.



WHAT WE THINK ORAGE SAID

This body of ours is the only instrument we have to get impressions and knowledge from the outside. It is an imperfect instrument because in receiving sensations it colors, changes, and sometimes reverses them.

We must get away from the idea that personal knowledge necessitates the confirmation of others or the ability to prove it. You can't prove it but it may nevertheless be true.

We can't change our behavior or our emotions, we can only think the thoughts that are in the brain-pattern. To affect emotion, we have to catch it before it has been caused.

You can't change your action before you've changed your emotion; and you can't change your emotion until you've changed your images.

The Universe is only knowable to us through our means of knowledge. That is our body. Therefore we can only

know the Universe by becoming aware of the processes of our body, cerebral, emotional and instinctive. We cannot know the Universe by speculation. The soul doesn't think, feel or sense; but the organism can become the object of awareness.

We are bound as much as any prisoner in his prison, by our biological and sociological facts. It is melancholy to be so restricted as we are. But we cannot break out by any known method or process.

Groups of three are a fact of nature: Plato arranged an octave in three-dimensional forms.

The Pythagoreans attempted to formulate the laws of physics as indicated by the table of the elements in terms of music, color, form.

Emotions are determined by thoughts, thoughts by images, and images in turn determine our actions.

Individuality — Personality
Consciousness — Wish
Will — Thought.

Man must bridge over the semi-tone fa and become a harmony in harmony with other octaves of nature.

There are three forms of waste of which our body is capable, physical waste, mental waste, emotional waste.

Unnecessary motions, tensions etc. are a form of muscular waste, or waste of physical energy.

Reading, day-dreaming, musing, reverie, are forms of intellectual waste. Reading without conscious effort is merely massaging the cerebral system by the process of print. It is more criminal than any other form of self-abuse.

Regrets, reproaches, hope and other forms of raising ghosts of the past or the future are emotional waste; also reading aimlessly and looking for beauty.

If only two of our three bodily functions are working we cannot grow: we are bound to be biased.

The process of becoming aware of our posture, gesture, facial movements, tone of voice, motions, never becomes any easier. It never becomes a habit.



OH - MR. - ORAGE - GIVE - ME - BACK - MY - ILLUSIONS

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

AUGUST

- 22 Lecture—by A. E. Orage at the Lincoln Steffens', San Antonio, 8:15 p. m.
- 23-24 Prize Play—Premiere of "Dark Haven"
- 25 Theatre of the Golden Bough. 8:30 p. m.
- 23 Reception—after "Dark Haven." Home of Mrs. Y. Navas-Rey.
- 24 Lecture—by A. E. Orage.
- 26 Divine Services—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.
- 27 City Council Meeting — City Hall. 7:30 p. m.

THIS WEEK THE SERRA PILGRIMAGE

Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week, as well as Sunday, the Serra Pilgrimage will be celebrated throughout the Peninsula. It will include a general folk-expression of historic feeling, in the costumes of the early Spanish days; a pageant-drama of Junipero Serra; a bull-fight; parades, and general jollification as follows:

Thursday, Aug. 23

1:30 p.m.—Spanish costume contest, \$30 in prizes.

2:30 p.m.—Treasure Hunt, with a \$50 prize.

8:00 p.m.—Pageant-drama. "Fra Junipero Serra," played with a cast of 250 in an out-door amphitheatre seating 20,000 people.

10:30 p.m.—"Fiesta Night," Hotel Del Monte.

10:30 p.m.—Street dances and music by Spanish orchestras (Spanish orchestras to play every afternoon and evening).

Friday, Aug. 24

2:30 p.m. "Mojiganga," or bull-fight, with contests in horsemanship, roping, boy-and-dog races, etc. Music.

8:00 p. m.—Pageant-drama of Junipero Serra.

10:30 p.m.—Street dances, music, dancing at hotels.

Saturday, Aug. 25

10:30 a. m.—"Parade of the Three Occupations," depicting California history for over three centuries, since Cabrillo first sighted the state in 1542.

2:30 p.m.—"Mojiganga"—bull-fight and fiesta.

8:00 p.m.—Pageant-drama of Junipero Serra.

10:30 p.m.—Street dances, music, dancing at hotels and lodges.

Sunday, Aug. 26

8 a.m.—Pilgrimage over mission trail from Monterey to tomb of Serra at Carmel mission.

12:00 m.—Roll-call of missions. Each mission city will send a representative for the ceremony. Mass by Monsignor Ramon M. Mestres.

Carmel News

FOUND OUT

We told you so. We warned you. The Carmelite did its duty and forewarned the town. It didn't heed. All right. Now it must stand for the consequences. In the first place, you don't exist. You are wiped out. She says so. She says "Carmel-by-the-Sea is a phantasy." And Orage tells us phantasy is something that doesn't exist. So—you don't exist.

And then she says we are a small village filled with URGES. Ever been called that before? She says our URGES thrive here. She says there's an urge to be at the post office when everyone else is there. Suppose she's ever been kept waiting twenty minutes for that returned manuscript? N-N. She's too sweet. She wouldn't be kept waiting for anything—nor have a manuscript returned, for that matter. The Editor wouldn't have the heart. She talks about Rem Remsen (sick) and Ted Criley (sick) and Jane Addams (sick). Oh, and lots of others. Try and not find yourself. But the worst blow is Gus. Gus, she calls you a TRAFFIC OFFICER. And she says you have the only uniform in town. Mr. Guth, please arrest her at the next corner. She gives all our favorite parking tricks away anyhow.

And it's all very clever and quite intreging, as our coney rival would say.

This is all in Game and Gossip—(be game and stand the Gossip); and it's in the August number and it's called "Our Reporter at Carmel." And the reporter is Marcella Burke.

We warned you.

There's an interview with Lucita Squier (Mrs. Albert Rhys Williams) in the August number of Game and Gossip, and a nice picture of her in Russian costume with Colleen Moore of Hollywood. The article gives a very nice account of Lucita's views on Russia.

Thirty-two pack horses, with their riders, left the Douglas Camp for girls at Pebble Beach last Tuesday, bound for the Big Pines and the Little Sur on an eight-day jaunt, having combed the peninsula for Sam Browne belts, lavender shirts, and the broad hat of the rough rider.

ALL SAINTS' OPENS NEW HOUSE

A welcome awaits the friends of "All Saints" on Tuesday evening next, when the new Parish Home will be thrown open with a reception.

In the afternoon the ladies of St. Ann's Guild will serve tea and offer for sale the result of their handiwork for the past year.

Tea will also be served on Wednesday afternoon, and in the evening tables will be provided for those who will enjoy a game of bridge.

AN ART HOAX

Paul Jordan Smith and his wife, Sarah Bixby Smith, were Marcella Burke's guests of honour during the week. Mr. Smith is a novelist, writer, and book collector, his wife an expert on old California history, a poet, and a painter. They live in Hollywood. The latest work by Paul Smith is "Key to Ulysses" published by Covici in Chicago. He has written a volume of essays called "On Strange Altars," published by A. and C. Boni. His two novels are "Nomad" and "Cables of Cobweb," he also translated, with Floyd Dell, Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" from the Latin.

Mrs. Smith has written a book of reminiscences of California called "Adobe Days," and two volumes of poetry, "Sagebrush Garden" and "Pasear."

The name of Paul Jordan Smith is nationally—probably internationally—known for the prank he played on modern painting. Irritated at the adulation given any painting, good or bad, as long as it was in the "modern manner" he painted one or two pictures himself, making them as atrocious as he could, and when some one asked him if he had not something to exhibit, he showed these. One was of a negress, "one breast up and one down," says Smith, "and a glassy eye, holding some object in her hand," and this the visitor fell for immediately.

Smith was reluctantly prevailed on to send photographs and descriptions of the picture, of himself, of his past, present and future, and this he willingly did, with photographs, making up the stories, however, to fit the name "Pavel Jordano-vitch" which he gave himself; and he sent a photo of himself dressed up in Polish rags, with a long beard which he had grown for the occasion. Everyone took him seriously, this newly discovered painter, and his work was shown in art capitals, Paris, New York, Chicago. Everywhere he was hailed. The hoax went on for some years, and then Smith grew tired of it and exposed it. Now these people say: "Well, maybe you are a painter and don't know it."

(An incident parallel to this, illustrating the insincerities of response to modern art, is told of the celebrated painter, Dwight L. Tryon. Having been informed that a painting of his had won an award in a museum exhibit, Tryon went over to have a look at it and see how it was hung. He found it being gazed upon by many admirers. It was hanging upside down!)

CHILDREN'S STORY HOUR

Miss Wilhelmina Harper will conduct a Children's Story Hour at the Public Library on Friday, Aug. 24th at 2 o'clock. Miss Harper had the first story-hour that was given at the Library several weeks ago. These stories are for children of any age. About forty Youngest Sets were there last time.

Personal Bits . .

Professor Benjamin Lehman, Lecturer on English at Berkeley, dropped into Carmel for two days. He visited Robinson Jeffers, whose work he lectures and writes on. He is doing the introduction to the Book Lovers' Club de luxe edition of Jeffers' poems to be published in San Francisco shortly. Professor Lehman's photograph appeared in the Overland Monthly for July. He is planning a week's visit to Carmel shortly.

Dr. Tom Addis, medical lecturer at the Stanford Medical School, is on His Sabbatical year this Year. He is at present in Rochester, New York.

A. E. Orage and Mrs. Orage are enjoying the hospitality of Carmel. They have been on a picnic tea in the Corral Di Tierra and have been guests of honour at teas at the Jesse Lynch Williams', the Lincoln Steffens', the Blackman's, Mrs. Burke and other houses.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest W. Marland have left the Lodge, Pebble Beach for Los Angeles and Colorado. They will be back at their new home in Ponca City on October 1st. Jo Mora's Statues will probably be there to greet them.

Professor Myron Zaslaw, Professor of Mathematics at the Brooklyn Technical High School, and Mfs. Zaslaw, who is an Englishwoman, are in Carmel for the holidays, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rhys Williams.

"The last time we met" says Rhys Williams, "was in a village on the Volga, just a year ago." Professor Zaslaw is Russian.

Colonel and Mrs. Franklin R. Kenney left Pebble Beach for Los Angeles last Friday. Colonel Kenney served in France during the War, was in the American Intelligence Service, and made good friends of many British officers. He is a nephew of E. W. Marland, and President of the Marland Oil Company of California.

Professor Madison Bentley, who occupies the Sage Chair of Psychology at Cornell, and who taught at Illinois and Berkeley Summer Session before that, was in Carmel with his brother Professor Rufus Bentley, and his daughter, last week. They were guests of Mrs. Gertrude Tooker. Professor Rufus Bentley is to start a Junior College at Salinas shortly.

Laidlaw Williams has left for Berkeley where he will continue his studies in economic zoology and ornithology, with Prof. Dickson and others. We expect our Contributing editor down for week-ends often.

People . . .

Professor Blaisedell, President of Claremont College Pomona, and his wife, are in Carmel for August.

* * * *

Dr. Elizabeth Whitney, who worked on children's diseases in San Francisco, and later gave it up to be a psychiatrist, is staying in Carmel for the summer with her three children. They are in the Addis cottage on Camino Real. Dr. James Whitney is also practicing psychoanalysis. Both he and his wife worked with Jung, the psycho-analyst, in Zurich.

* * * *

Dr. H. G. Baynes is confined to his bed for two weeks. He strained a muscle in his leg while playing golf.

* * * *

Mr. Jaime de Angulo is in Carmel for a few days. Carey de Angulo, his little daughter, would not reprimand the dog for biting the seat of Pete and Christopher's pants, because it was her daddy's dog.

* * * *

Miss Helen Field has come to Carmel by which she is enchanted for a summer holiday before taking on her new work in the Chair of Primary Education at the University of Alabama. Miss Field is well-known as an educator, and was formerly Director of the Primary School work in the Teachers' Training College at San Jose. She left California seven years ago for work in the East, and the past three years has been head of the Normal School at Montclair, New Jersey.

The Chair at Alabama has only just been founded and Miss Field is the first to occupy it.

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Everett Marcy, writer and journalist, has been in Carmel for a week. He was a student at A. E. Orage's classes in New York last winter. He contributes to the New Yorker.

* * * *

Mrs. Evelyn Ott, psychiatrist and late student with Professor Jung, has come to Carmel for the summer. Her husband, Swiss physicist, is working in San Francisco.

* * * *

Sara Bard Field recently returned from Oregon, where she motored with her daughter to join her husband, Charles Erskine Scott Wood. Col. Wood showed them the scenes of the "Poet in the Desert," his beautiful, long poem.

* * * *

Mr. Willis G. White has returned to Carmel for the summer.

* * * *

Miss Harriet G. Eddy and Mrs. Newman Eddy were in Carmel over the weekend. Miss Eddy is State leader for Home Demonstration under the United States Department for Agriculture and the California Dept. She was here to visit a

farm center in the Carmel Valley, where Mrs. B. H. Schulte, the State Chairman of the Farm Home Department lives.

Recently Miss Eddy spent a year in Europe studying farm methods in Italy, Austria, Germany, and Russia. In Russia she studied also methods of library extension; she was one of the organizers of the California Free County Library System.

* * * *

On Sunday Mr. Albert M. Bender drove down from San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. Ansell Adams, to visit the Jeffers', Stanley Wood, and the Steffens'. Mr. Bender is one of the colorful figures of California art life. He loves and really understands art. He can go into Shiotto's and unhesitatingly pick out the best things that that understanding Japanese has in his shop. Mr. Bender encourages artists in what they are doing, criticises their work, arranges exhibitions, puts them in touch with the people who will be interested in their work. Painters, writers, poets, theatre-people, musicians write to him from all over the world, tell him of their work, their successes and failures, their plans. He never leaves a letter unanswered. He is a father confessor who is never too busy to hear a confession. And that though his work is enough to fill three men's time. He has arranged and given five libraries in California. He is the Chairman of the Publication Committee of the Book Club of California; a Director of the East West Gallery; adviser to almost every art institution in San Francisco and further afield than that. He has done as much to encourage California art as any one man in our time. And withal he is simple, kindly, modest, hating publicity, thinking always of the other fellow. He keeps open house for actors, writers, playboys, the talented in any field; many a "starving artist" would have succumbed had it not been for the timely and understanding support of this philanthropist and art lover. And now he is taking an interest in the Carmelite.

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Mr. and Mrs. Hyde and their two children are occupying the Molendyk Cottage on Junipero. Mr. Albert Molendyk has gone to live in Monterey temporarily.

* * * *

Mildred Taylor, Director of the East-West Gallery of San Francisco is coming to Carmel shortly.

* * * *

Manus Arnoson, Icelandic composer, is in San Francisco. He has set to music some of Sara Bard Field's poems from "The Pale Woman," and Consuelo Cloos (Mrs. Max Panteleieff) will sing a selection in Los Gatos at the home of Mrs. Field, shortly.

* * * *

Mr. John Hamilton, head of the Hamilton Advertising Agency, was in Carmel on a visit last week. He brought a note of introduction from Clarence Darrow stating:

"Mr. and Mrs. John Hamilton have been for me in storm and sunshine especially in

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storm." It was Mr. Hamilton who organised Darrow's seventieth birthday celebrations last year. Mr. Hamilton, however, had other business than to talk of Darrow. He had come to kill Jimmie Hopper. At the time they were both students of California Universities, there occurred a bitter fight known as the Raid of the Axe. Mr. Hamilton, who was within the Stanford set, came upon the Berkeley bunch in San Francisco's Chinatown. He fell upon them—six of them—and was just about to seize the axe, when the whole six of them, led by the football star Jimmie sat upon him and wrenched it out of his hand. Mr. Hamilton looked at Mr. Hopper, and "Next time I see you I'll kill you" he said calmly.

When we heard this story we quickly covered our tracks by giving wrong directions to the Hopper house. We have, however, not set eyes on Jimmie since. Assuming—the worst, should one wreathe an axe into the funeral garland?

A MAN IS HANGED

A short time ago a man was hanged in Folsom prison. Before his execution he wrote a letter to a pal—a lifer—in another California prison in which he had been. This is the letter:

"Well, Jim, my friend, I assure you that Friday will be here all too soon, but I cannot make it creep up too quickly to prevent me from sending you a word or two. All of us, I am sure, regret that my end must come in this manner, but, of course, if it could have been or could be prevented I know it would be.

"However, I just want to say a word of thanks and appreciation for your kindness and advice while I was there with you. I know it would have been much harder for me to endure the present had I not cultivated the mental strength which you taught me to realize I possessed. I enjoyed myself much more studying and reading, as you taught me to do, then had I idled away the time there as all too many others do. At any rate, your interest in me was not wasted, even though so unfortunate an ending must be the climax.

"I hope you will forgive me for not writing a long letter, but I just can't 'feel' I am capable of it under the circumstances, and trust these few words of farewell will suffice.

"I want to ask you to thank your sister for the enjoyable letters she wrote to me, and give her my most kind regards, and both of you I trust and believe will forgive one who will take a pleasant memory with me wherever we go after leaving this old world."

When one is drunk with a vision, he deems his faint expression of it the very wine.

* * * *

Half of what I say is meaningless; but I say it so that the other half may reach you.

GOLDEN STATE

Telephone: MONTEREY 1500

Wednesday, August 22
Jacqueline Logan and
All-Star Cast in
"THE LEOPARD LADY"

Thursday and Friday, Aug. 23-24
JACK LONDON'S
Greatest story of the gold rush
"SMOKE BELLEW"

Saturday, August 25
Zane Grey's
"THE VANISHING PIONEER"
with JACK HOLT,
William Powell and Fred Kohler

Sunday, August 26
MARION DAVIES
in her latest comedy hit
"HER CARDBOARD LOVER"
On the Stage Return of
ROMIG AND DAVIS MUSICAL
COMEDY COMPANY
A bigger and better cast than before

Monday, Tuesday, August 27-28
LOIS MORAN in
"DON'T MARRY"
E. C. HOPKINS AT THE ORGAN

Woodside LibraryA Circulating Library
of Worth While BooksDora Hagemeyer
Monte Verde near Ocean Avenue**The Theatre . . .****"DARK HAVEN" OPENS****TOMORROW NIGHT - THURSDAY**

When, at the first open meeting of the Theatre Guild of the Golden Bough in the Theatre last June, Morris Ankrum suggested a play contest, the chosen manuscript to be produced in latter August, it seemed a far away time from the hour when the curtain would go up and the first performance on any stage be given of a play submitted in the contest.

But the announcement went out, every paper of any importance in California gave publicity and encouragement to the contest, over thirty plays came in, a committee of eleven sat in conference over them, and from out of it all came Anne Murray's "Dark Haven," which tomorrow night opens at the Theatre of the Golden Bough.

"Dark Haven" is a strong play, demanding excellent characterization and acting. This it has with an almost star cast, made up of Elliott Durham as Truman, Jadwiga Noskowiak as Rena, Houghton Furlong as Neville, Morris Ankrum as David, Kissam Johnson as Aunt Lu, Tommi Thomson as Cora, Roger Sturtevant as Hannie. Jadwiga Noskowiak, who has played leading roles in Carmel for several years, and who this last winter played in Pasadena under Gilmor Brown with the most congratulatory notices in the Southern papers, is a strong Rena, the girl for whom an orthodox family expects only a "dark haven,"—for does not always the daughter sin when the mother has? Tommi Thomson as Cora, who should have died when she was eleven, and who cannot be

blamed because she isn't married, is doing as fine a piece of work as she has ever done.

Morris Ankrum has proved himself both actor and director, and in this last play of his season, he shows another angle of his brilliant talent and ability. Beginning with "The Emperor Jones," following with "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Ten Nights In a Bar-Room," and "To The Ladies," Morris Ankrum has given the strongest dramatic season that Carmel has ever had, when one considers the general professional standard of acting and directing which all his productions have shown. It will be a great loss to Carmel when Morris Ankrum leaves for New York next week.

The settings for "Dark Haven" are being handled by Hazel Watrous.

**ANNE MURRAY, AUTHOR OF
"DARK HAVEN," HERE
FOR PRODUCTION**

Anne Murray, the author of the winning play in the recent contest of the Theatre Guild of the Golden Bough, has written that she is coming up from Los Angeles to be present at the opening night of her play, "Dark Haven," which is to be produced at the Golden Bough on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings of this week.

JADWIGA NOSKOWIAK TO SING

California has come to know Jadwiga Noskowiak as an actress of great promise. Now and then one has heard a rumor that Miss Noskowiak also is a soprano—that she has a voice as lyric and poignant in its rare quality as her work in the drama.

This voice is to be heard at the Golden Bough on Wednesday and Thursday next, August 28, 29, when the great Ufa film "The Last Laugh" is shown. Miss Noskowiak will sing a group of Italian and New Mexican folk songs, between the showings of the feature picture.

THE BUILDING OF CULTURES

Roland B. Dixon—Scribner's (\$4).

How and why an invention like the alphabet spread into the world; and how and why another invention like printing was hidden in one very limited corner of the globe for centuries, these are fascinating matters. Dr. Dixon makes a thorough study of the details that cultures are made of, and fits the pieces of the puzzle together to show how cultures have been shaped. Appropriately, the book ends with a discussion of the "complex and glittering" civilization that we are building today.

Trees are poems that the earth writes upon the sky. We fell them down and turn them into paper that we may record our emptiness.

* * * *

The voice of life in me cannot reach the ear of life in you; but let us talk that we may not feel lonely.

THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

CHOSEN IN STATE WIDE COMPETITION

PRIZE**MANUSCRIPT PLAY****"DARK HAVEN"**

(PREMIERE PERFORMANCE)

THURS. AUG. 23**FRI. AUG. 24****SAT. AUG. 25**

AT 8:30 P. M.

ADMISSION \$1.00, \$1.50

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA

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Editorials . . .

HONEST MEN MAY GET THEIR CHANCE

It looks as if the people might decide this presidential election. Not business, not Wall Street. Big business is divided. One captain of industry comes out for Smith, another for Hoover. Every day this happens and the watchers for the news are watching the farmers, the women—the common people. It is very upsetting, this; just when you have concluded that the people do not vote but are always voted, to find them sitting on the throne is to lose faith in conclusive thought. The comforting reflection is that maybe the voters will be voted after all. And they will be, if their bosses could get together and agree which of the two candidates has to be chosen to save the country. Why can't they? The answer to that question may well be more important news than the result of the election.

If the Carmelite were a great organ of public opinion in New York instead of a mere whistle against thought in Carmel we, the editors, would assign our Janie to Wall Street to ask whatever is the matter down there and what they are going to do about it. Depending as we must upon our spyglasses and our recollections, we look and look and we can see that the ants there are excited; they meet, they heat, they retreat, frustrated. They are not betting on the election, which means that they are not sure of the result; which in turn means that the big fellows don't all know what and whom they all want. But there is another sign of news in the making. The banks are complaining that the big corporations are lending more money on call than the banks are. This means that the banks have lost control of credit, temporarily at

least, and the control of credit is sovereignty in this or any other country. So far the conflict has been only on the question whether to encourage or discourage speculation, the trusts being for higher stock prices, the banks for a halt. But let us suppose that the manufacturers and businessmen of this country learn, by this experience, that they, having the money, need not put it into the banks for the high financiers to play with but can keep it and play with it themselves—then, fellow-citizens, we would have a war for the throne of these United States that would split us and our politics and our parties and our principles for a generation. But it would split Wall Street, too, and Wall Street does not like to be divided, as we the people do; Wall Street knows it should hang together.

There is no risk this time of disaster from the election of either of the two candidates before us. Either of them and both of the parties would serve business very well. Business as a whole. But it is not at all unlikely that, as the campaign and the secret negotiations proceed, one of the candidates may come to represent the bankers, the other the manufacturers, and that the issue will be whether credit or money shall rule: financiers as heretofore or producers—with the people deciding! Meanwhile the question is which will be which.

* * * *

When thieves fall out, honest men might get their dues; so the old saw says. But old saws don't say true. It should be: honest men shall choose between them. It still is a choice of evils.

* * * *

Suppose it should be a choice between Smith representing the bankers and Hoover for the Fords the people would be in character if they voted wet or dry. And the candidates agree on that.

A child said it. He saw a clown at the circus come out with a goose following him on a long string and a gun in his hands. He said he was goose hunting, and the child called that there was one right behind him. The crowd laughed and the clown would not look around. Several times the little boy pointed out the goose only to raise the laugh. "Funny people," murmured the boy at the circus, during the night in his sleep he muttered it, and thereafter for a year or so he would suddenly pause in his play to exclaim: "Funny people."

* * * *

A national Democratic Convention broke from the bosses who could not agree on the program. It was at St. Louis. An old correspondent stood to watch the wild scene of freed democracy, sneered at its helplessness and then turned to his fellow-reporters and said with withering scorn: "Look at 'em. Nobody to boss 'em."

* * * *

Meanwhile we note the news that John J. Raskob, the General Motors manager who is managing Smith's campaign, the

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Du Ponts and other Democratic manufacturers, have planned a fifty million dollar bank. That might help them fight the old bankers but it will make bankers of them. There is a Hide and Leather Bank in New York that was started by the trade to beat the old banks but it is now a regular ring bank and we hear no more from the Hide and Leather men.

Correspondence

ART AND ITS BUYER

To the Editor of the Carmelite:

Dear Madam,

The article of Mr. Lincoln Steffens in your issue of August 8th seems to me to raise an exceedingly important question. Can the artist co-operate with the man of business? The former must live, the latter should enable him to live. On what terms can their relationship be adjusted so that neither gives up what to him is important?

It is difficult to express exactly what I want to say. To an artist paint speaks more than words, yet he has to put his ideas in words. Yet if you could reduce symphonies to mathematical formulae everyone would be able to write music. However, here goes:

One can see the business man's point of view. He has the money, a definite picture of what he wants, and the money to pay for it. Also he feels art and American life would be the gainer if there were an imperishable record of the early days of a great civilization. He feels he can and should influence the artist to paint what he wants. It reminds one of the old story of the captain and lieutenant who were shooting at a target. The one held the rifle, the other looked over his shoulder and aimed. It hit the bull's-eye and "The two of us together are a dam' fine shot" said the captain proudly. The more sympathy the business man has with art the better of course.

But it would be interesting to know just how much give and take there has been. Both think there is co-operation; but the business man knows what he wants: isn't it therefore necessary that there be only subordination on the part of the artist? It is difficult at best to know what are one's own instinctive, original un-retouched ideas: it must be almost impossible when there is an interested motive not to know it.

Whistler was right: a work of art has no reason at all; it simply exists. Is it possible then to create a work of art with a very definite reason for its existence?

If the artist really wanted to do just what the business man has happened to ask him, that is different. We understand Jo Mora has always had in mind just such Indian statues as have now been commissioned and made by him. But

such concurrence must be rare. What will happen when the artist does not exist who wants to do just what the business man wants to have done? Does he not then prostitute his art, and become an artisan?

Yours etc.

Artist.

WHAT IS ART

To the Editor of the Carmelite,
Dear Madam.

Jo Mora's Indian statues raise a very interesting question. I have not seen these two particular ones therefore my letter raises no criticism of them. But the general problem is important, and touches on that perennial mystery, what is art. Can a record, an historical document, a piece of work correct and like its original in every detail, be art? Has there not got to be a center somewhere—one big smashing note which will immediately attract the eye, as in Botticelli's Spring, or in the Penseur, Rodin's masterpiece reproduced in the Pine Cone last week? Should have thought an extra reproduction would become merely jewellery—a beautifully worked piece, perhaps, a beautiful record, but—not art. Doesn't art require simplification, the burning away of inessentials, (as the ancient stark Greek tragedies did, as Jeffers great tragedies do), the employment of the poet's, the painter's imagination? Must it not add something to the original, if only the artist's interpretation?

I am asking sincerely, for enlightenment, and I trust that some one of the many artists in your city will give it me.

Yours hopefully,

JZZLED.

We very willingly throw our columns open to a discussion of this question. (Ed.)

WISE NEWS EDITOR

Lincoln Steffens

A foreign correspondent writes in a private letter that he is now in New York working on the telegraph-cable desk of the Times, expects to be shifted soon to the city staff and then go back to Europe. That may not sound significant to a layman, but to a newspaper man who has worked abroad it means that some, very-wise editor has a solution for the oldest problem of reporting Europe to America: the problem of the stale foreign correspondent, who, in turn, personifies the problem of getting foreign news re-told in American terms for American readers.

When a new reporter is sent abroad, he thinks about his job and formulates questions he will try to have answered. Naturally his curiosities are American, they are the same that other Americans have, and his answers in the form of news despatches or interviews or special

articles satisfy the readers and often make a name for the reporter. As he goes on living and working however in, say, Paris, the same thing happens to the new man that has happened to the veteran foreign reporter: he hears and talks and thinks about the questions the French are interested in and begins to see the answers from the French angle. He cannot continue long to write for the American mind. He is fresh minded for the French, he is stale for us, the readers at home, and we do not follow his reports as we did at first.

Another difficulty is that the desk men—in the home office of his paper, who have to edit his cable-ese into open English do not always understand the background of a foreign correspondent's reports, and make mistakes. No matter how good the desk may be—and some of the best work done on a newspaper is done on the "desk"—if the editor there does not know his Europe pretty well, the foreign correspondent's meanings are not expressed. You hear among foreign correspondents in Paris, Rome, Berlin constant complaints of the desk at home, in New York, Chicago, London.

Evidently some news editor on the New York Times has adopted a course to meet these difficulties. He has taken a foreign correspondent back from Europe, put him on the desk to edit the cables of his colleagues abroad and so has them read aright and rewritten by an expert who knows what the field reporter knows and means. There will be no kicks in Paris at his interpretations of French despatches. But by and by he will lose touch with European news, so his editor proposes to set him to reporting the local news of New York or the national news from Washington. This will teach him what Americans want to know about in Europe. Then, we infer from the letter quoted, the reporter will be sent back to Europe again—all freshened up and eager to find out what he and we want to know, and, let us hope, some other man from Europe will be brought home and put on the telegraph-cable desk to understand and rightly read and rewrite the reports of the Americanized foreign correspondent.

The point of all this is that foreigners and foreign news are perfectly understandable to Americans if they are reported in American terms. For example a list of persons raised to the peerage in England may mean nothing to us. We don't know the men or even the names decorated with titles. But when it is understood, as a reporter must know, that titles in England are given as pay or as rewards, partly for distinguished service but mostly for contributions to political party funds, the honor list becomes meaningful to us. We can reflect that Sinclair, the Tea-pot oil man, would, if he were an Englishman, be created a duke and probably have got his concession without any scandal at all. Politics abroad is just as "practical" as ours.

Science . . .

LEAVES ARE SUGAR FACTORIES

Isn't it odd that every green leaf in the world, sitting out in the sunshine, should, when its work comes to be understood, be found to be a sugar factory!

Food, of course, is as important to the growth of plants as it is to animals. They starve if they do not get it. It takes a lot of food to build a great forest or a field full of corn.

When search is made to find out where that food comes from it is found that the raw materials of it are sucked up by the roots from the ground and are taken from the air. But they are put together in the proper preparation of plant food by green leaves in the sunshine.

Nearly all these foods have sugar as their base. The leaves make the sugar. They make it out of two materials that are ready to hand. The first of these is water. Plants must have water to begin with if they are to grow. The roots draw water from the ground and take it up to the leaves. Water, as everybody knows, is made of two elements, hydrogen and oxygen.

Sugar, the chemist will tell you, is made of three elements—hydrogen, oxygen and carbon. The leaf, in order to manufacture sugar, and having hydrogen and oxygen, has got to find carbon.

Carbon dioxide is a gas which is always present in the air. When animals breathe they give off carbon dioxide. When coal burns the carbon of which it is made unites the oxygen of the air and makes carbon dioxide. Thus there is always carbon dioxide in the air. To be sure it is present in very small quantities—one part to 3,000 of other elements.

The leaf is so constructed that it strains this carbon dioxide out of the air. Having got it there is still another difficult thing to be done. It must be broken up. This is a hard job for the chemist working in his laboratory but the leaf does it with great readiness.

The substance in the leaf that makes it green has a lot to do with this. This green breaks up the sun's rays and applies some of the energy that is in them to tearing the carbon and the oxygen of the carbon dioxide apart.

When it has done this it combines the carbon with hydrogen and oxygen from the water that it has brought up from the roots and the result is sugar. It has some oxygen left over which it puts back into the air, thereby making it better for members of the animal kingdom to breathe. But from the sugar that it gets it makes most of the food for plant dinner tables.

—Science Service.

Peter's Paragraphs

Held up by our new traffic cop the other day, we didn't at the time dare to compliment him. He was too right, we were too wrong for words. But now that it is all over and we have learned our lesson in manners, we have to compliment the young man on his.

* * * *

A traffic cop is the arbiter of politeness in our day. The traffic regulations are nothing but rules of courtesy, convenience, and safety, and if we were as polite in a car as we are on foot, there would be no more need of policemen on the highways than there is in a drawing room.

* * * *

Why is it that we are so rude in a big machine, so decent on the sidewalk?

* * * *

Why is it that women drivers have the worst manners on the road? Why is it that the word is manners, not womaners?

* * * *

Listening to the questions put to lecturers is to hear that audiences prefer opinions to facts. "What do you think about—this or that?" they ask, not "What do you know about that or this?" As if the questioners want to follow a leader. As if they ached, not to know, but to believe something. As if it were still religion that is sought, not science.

* * * *

"Artists? Artists are monstrosities." Yes, he said that, and the Babbits were shocked. Who? They are not monstrosities.

* * * *

"I wrote one million words in 1925" stated an advertising man, the head of a national concern, in Carmel last week. "I am tired of words now." Hard upon this we read that the National Advisory Committee has defined about 560 words used in aviation in order to standardise their use. Maybe if we could use more words we would grow less tired of them.

* * * *

Rose Macaulay has an interesting essay on this subject, called "Catchwords and Claptrap." "We prefer, as often as not, to express what we mean in phraseology which means precisely something else," she says "... all those who write of nameless horrors, nameless vices, nameless orgies, (for instance) know, when they reflect, that none of these things need actually be nameless to those with clear heads and good dictionaries."

* * * *

"Experiments with luminous golf balls are being made to enable the golf fan to play late in the evening" a science journal tells us.

Let us hope retarded merrymakers, well-lit inside, will not mistake the moon for a golf ball just as they are about to step into a bunker.

The Youngest Set

Memories

We find an inchworm in the garden:

"Oh look, mama, an inchworm, like at the Forest Feater, like where when I was a ant—hm-m: a wee ant."

After throwing nightie across the room and incurring mama's displeasure: "But I'm the woof, and I throw my nightie like the woof throw the granma's nightie at the Golden Bough."

Moral: Don't take your children to plays.

* * * *

When they were little, Garth drew better than Donnan Jeffers. (Donnan has pretty well caught up now.) One day they were both drawing and Garth showed his to Donnan. Donnan quickly scribbled all over his drawing.

"You can't see it 'cos its all covered with darkness" he said. Before these boys could draw with pencils, they invented a string game—made shapes of animals with string on the floor. These were called "stringed animals." They did not at that time draw human shapes.

Now they draw and model and sculp and carve—anything.

* * * *

Pete Steffens was recently the recipient, from a member of the Russian Foreign Office, of an invitation to the U.S.S.R. At the end of the invitation ran this sentence: "I am sure he will enjoy the little Octobrists, or 'oktiabrista,' as children under the pioneer age are called, since they are born after October 1917."

CARMEL RESIDENT TAKES ON BIG JOB

One of the Carmel residents who has a secret history is Kent W. Clark. Two years ago he came here with his wife and two children, Kay and June picked out one of the loveliest spots near the beach, and built a patio house with a striking brick chimney and a Japanese weather vane. Since then he has been seen washing his car daily, watering his lawn and flowers, enjoying the sun and the family and the dog, and his many friends. The secret stayed undisturbed.

But now it is out—the colorful story of his romantic life; and it is out with the striking announcement that he has been made General Manager of the new 600 room Hotel Sir Francis Drake in San Francisco.

Mr. Clark went up to assume his duties early this week, and he and his family will move to the City; but they will keep their house in Carmel, and come down for week-ends and holidays; they are too fond of Carmel to leave it altogether.

Mr. Clark is well known in the Pacific

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Sea Lanes as well as lands bordering the Pacific. He came to the Pacific Coast when a boy from his Ohio home; lured to Seattle by the call of the sea, as well as the stories brought down by the sordoughs of the great wealth to be found in the Klondike beyond the White Pass of the Yukon.

Then started his career, which continued for 16 years, as a sea clerk. He was in Nome when the gold rush was at its height. In Tientsen, China, during the terror days of the Boxer Rebellion, and in Phillipine waters on troop ships. The ships he sailed touched at Australian ports, New Zealand, Samoa, Fiji. He sailed around the world with a shipwreck as the thrilling climax.

After this he became purser on several lines, and when the Japanese line purchased the Oriental Hotel at Kobe, Mr. Clark became its manager. The hotel was in bad shape when he took it over but he enlarged and equipped it with all possible hotel conveniences, and it became one of the most colorful and best known hotels in the Far East. Mr. Clark made it the leading hotel of Japan, and distinguished guests of all professions and nationalities came there, including the Prince of Wales, Field Marshal Joffre, members of the Japanese Royal Family and oriental potentates. John Bowington danced there once.

During the earthquake of 1923 in Tokyo and Yokohama Mr. Clark helped to organize and was named Chairman of the Foreign Earthquake Relief Committee, which took charge of the non-Japanese victims of the disaster. He converted the ballroom of the hotel into a 200 bed hospital and was ready for the sufferers before they arrived. He despatched the first relief ships to Yokohama with doctors, nurses and supplies, and through his efforts thousands of American and European refugees were given clothing, food and accommodations.

The Committee received high praise for its work and to Mr. Clark came a note from the late Governor General Leonard Wood of the Philippines, congratulating him "on the excellent work done during the crisis in Kobe in extending first aid and comfort to the great number of refugees and others in trouble."

Mr. Clark returned to America after about ten years in Japan in order to send his children to American schools.

Last year he was Manager of Old Faithful Inn at Yellowstone National Park and among his guests were President and Mrs. Coolidge and their son John, Herbert Hoover and Secretary Work.

Mr. Clark was asked to take his present post through an old friend who stayed at his hotel in Kobe and learned there what an efficient manager he made.

The American flag over the Clark house is waving and the weather vane is turning giddy with delight. Carmel's more sober townsmen wish their fellow-townsmen all good wished in his new venture.

World News . . .

Hartnell Lockridge

Peace, Freedom and Plenty are the three major issues of the national political campaign as set forth by Norman Thomas in opening his contest for President on the Socialist Party's ticket. Mr. Thomas spoke of them as follows;

1. The issue of peace. Every party sings its praise. Only the Socialists understand that to be for peace is to be against imperialism, of which Coolidge's infamous war in Nicaragua, like Wilson's infamous wars in Haiti, and Santo Domingo are illustrations.

2. The issue of freedom. Both parties talk pious nonsense about injunctions. Neither party discusses civil liberty or what is the matter with our courts or the tragic failure of our country to give justice to the poor, especially if the poor are also workers, strikers, radicals, aliens, or Negroes.

3. The issue of plenty. It is part of our problem that we do not even know what many men and women in this country of stock market prosperity know,—that most bitter and heart-breaking sort of toil: the hunt for a job.

Probably there are at least four million, or one in every five or six of the workers. In what we call normal times one in every ten, or ten is in the sorrowful army of the unemployed. Beyond advocating public works in dull times the old parties say nothing. We propose specific remedies, among them: A proper record of the unemployed, a nation wide system of public non-profit-making exchanges; a proper and carefully planned program of public works in dull times; unemployment insurance; and the five-day week."

* * * *

Some of the performances of the U. S. S. Lexington call for no little comment. The new queen of the seas has a speed of thirty-four knots, and is equipped with the newly perfected eight inch guns. The ship is quite capable of escaping heavier gunned and armored ships, her guns will outrange any light, fast cruiser, and her modern system of compartmentation is practically perfect against any submarine or destroyer attacks. Airplanes, leaving the ship a short time before an attack begins, can keep the gunners accurately posted with data on the shots.

* * * *

Lloyd George is seeking to cut down the air armament of the world. He points out the horrors of future aerial strife and the accompanying destruction from bombing. He advocates the development of commercial flying, but seems to be horrified at planes being used for wholesale slaughter.

With due apologies to the former Premier, we can't see why he should pick on airplanes as being particularly horrible. As one prominent man of today has said,

"All the wars of Christendom are degrading." It is almost necessary to go back to the legendary times of King Arthur to find any wars with the least touch of humanity and chivalry.

* * * *

Another one of Roy Chapman Andrews' expeditions has proven fruitful. This time, traces of a primitive man living a hundred and fifty thousand years ago were discovered in the Gobi Desert. Andrews has claimed the discovery of a mammal, the most colossal creature that ever existed on land, the head alone measuring from twenty-five to thirty feet in height and length, the body weighing eighteen to twenty tons. Beside this creature, the expedition also discovered a new assortment of dinosaur eggs, a semi-aquatic mastodon with a shovel-like lower jaw, eggshells of a huge prehistoric ostrich and other gigantic odds and ends.

* * * *

The Cuban Department of State was officially notified on August 17 by Haiti of the latter's decree suspending emigration of Haitian laborers to Cuba. Evidently the smaller fry are following in the footsteps of America, but whether such a procedure is a sane one remains to be seen.

* * * *

Art Goebel, one of the Dole prize flyers, has added another victory to his string, this time it is a new national record. From Los Angeles to Curtis Field in New York in eighteen hours and fifty-eight minutes. Cold and bare figures, but none the less a noteworthy achievement.

* * * *

What with an overdose of pre-campaign hokum, it is indeed a relief to hear a straight-forward statement from Nicholas Murray Butler.

In rejecting Hoover's views on Prohibition and his naval program, Butler expressed confidence that millions of earnest Republicans are in agreement with him.

In reference to the ever-present question of prohibition, Butler states, "What I wish to make entirely plain is that no candidate of my party for president can commit me, or countless others like me to any such doctrines, or any such policies." He calls the eighteenth amendment "an alien and unnaturalized invader of the constitution" saying that it must be deposed if the constitution is to be preserved.

Dr. Butler adds, that anyone who is opposed to the repeal of the amendment and to nullification, must then be in favor of the only alternative, which is the continuance of the present reign of lawlessness, debauchery and government-made crime.

Poetry is a deal of joy and pain and wonder, with a dash of the dictionary.

* * * *

They say the nightingale pierces his bosom with a thorn when he sings his love song.

So do we all. How else should we sing?

The Arts . . .

Stanley Wood is experimenting in aquatints, and producing deep rich effects. He is interested in the tone rather than in the line.

Two of his water-colors have been bought by Mrs. Russell of Santa Barbara, and one "The Circus" is reproduced in Vogue for August fifteenth, with an appreciative note.

The East West Gallery has an exhibition of the paintings of Lucrezia van Horn in view. This painter also proposes a visit to Carmel.

And another painter-visitor to Carmel will be Paul Daugherty, well-known for his marine pictures. He is an old friend of Dr. D. T. MacDougal, who photographed one of his paintings by x-ray in his Desert Laboratory at Tucson, Arizona.

Diego Rivera, Mexican painter, is coming to San Francisco to paint a mural in the California School of Fine Arts. He will go on to Russia, which country he has visited before and very much admires, and do some murals there.

Ansell Adams, musician, mountain-climber and photographer, who has done striking portraits of such Carmel residents and visitors as Robinson Jeffers, Witter Bynner, Arthur Davison Ficke, Sara Bard Field, and Charles Erskine Scott Wood, has recently returned from a trip to the Canadian Rockies, where he took many beautiful photographs of snow-fields and mountains. One of these, "Kaweas from Moraine Lake," the Sierra Club is using in its Bulletin.

Karl Buehr, member of the faculty of the Chicago Art Institute, and recently teaching in the summer session of the university at Berkeley, is a guest at the Bradford cottage for two weeks.

Miss Marjorie Berger of Hollywood has come to visit Lucita Squier. She traced her old friend through Marcella Burke's interview in Game and Gossip. Miss Berger is an Income Tax specialist and so very intimate with all the firmament of starving stars in the film heaven. She brings the welcome news that King Vidor is making a film with only negroes in the cast.

BOOKS TO STUDY:

(Mentioned by Orage in his lectures).

Vaihinger: The Philosophy of the "As If."

Frederick Soddy: Matter, Energy and Force.

A. N. Whitehead: Science and the Modern World. (pages on awareness).

Watson: Behaviorism.

Bertrand Russell: Philosophy.

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MIDSUMMER CLIFF FLOWERS

A more unlikely place can hardly be found for a close-massed fragrant wild garden, in midsummer, gay with orange, rose, pink and white, scarlet, yellow—a whole gamut of rich color—than the top of a rocky cliff, overhanging the sea, in an atmosphere misty with salt spray. "Break, Break, on thy cold gray stones, O sea!" "A stern and rock-bound coast" are such familiar phrases that it comes as a keen delight to find on our nearby Carmel coast, tangled masses of wind-swept golden beach-yarrow, rose godetia, Indian paint-brush, ranging from scarlet on through orange, buffs, pale yellow, straw color; the airy pink and white balls of the shrubby "wild buckwheat," massing everywhere on the rocks now, atop of their slender, long stems; the rose-magenta of the Indian fig, sometimes (if the birds have been kind) bearing their dull red fruits; a white and a slender pink, very fragrant, everlasting, adding its sweetness to the blended fragrance of the garden with an effect most delightful,—the tang of the sea in it all. Climbing clingingly on the wind-swept cliff, over the taller flowers are the great pale pink-and-white morning glories, and the gay stiff stalks of the red-stemmed cotyledon, with its bright yellow flowers in a broad flat cluster; and the daintier "powdered" cotyledon, its heavy stems an exquisite white-veiled palest crimson, its flowers a delicate straw color, the stalks rise from fleshy, pointed, rosetted leaves, the whole tufted plant clinging to the seaward face of a cliff in masses, or over the rock garden at its top. These powdered cotyledons, looking like white water lily blossoms before the flower stalks shoot up, especially love the sea, and cling just as near the surf as they dare, its salt spray daily refreshing them.

The gold and scarlet wild broom trails its slender branches over the cliff edge and from little crevices on its face, peeping down at the crashing waves and swirling foam eddying amid the jade greens, the exquisite faintest blues, the blue-purples of the sea. Tiny pink stars of the humble little sand-spurry fearlessly open up from the rocks and often cling in little masses on the great rocks cut off from the mainland by the ever-surging sea, each ragged little rocky island, not too worn away by the waves, being topped by a comforting little garden of the flowers of the mainland.

Dainty, slender-stemmed asters, flattened to the ground, their stems and leaves covered with wee silky hairs the better to protect them from the searching sea wind, often deepen to wine-purple here; and the dune daisies still hold high their large gold-centered, lavender-blue heads.

Lovely as are these summer gardens, they

are, if possible, even more so in the Spring, when a wealth of early blooms deck the cliffs—"Sunshine" iris of rich purple hue, contrasting with sky blue "baby-blue-eyes"—Oh, too many to mention. Astonishingly large "fairy lanterns" hang signals on their sturdy short stems,—perhaps to the mer-folk, who must love these deliciously fragrant gardens in the sea's "front yard." Find them yourselves. Love them too. Yet don't carry much away,—but memories. —Elinor Smith.

TWIN PSYCHOLOGY

Twins may be so bewilderingly alike that their own families see no difference in them, but scientists are investigating just how, and how much, these duplicate human beings really do resemble each other. The same sides of a pair of twins are more frequently alike than their opposite sides, the investigation revealed. To visualize this, imagine a pair of twins like paper dolls folded over and cut by a simple pattern. If one is placed in front of the other, both facing the same way, the two sides will be more likely to match than if one twin stands in front of the other and they face each other. In studying the symmetry of the twins the investigators examined the eyes, nose, ears, teeth, eyebrows, hair whorl, right or left handedness, hand prints, and also mentality.

It had been previously suggested that a twin who has a duplicate exactly like himself would probably be an extraordinarily symmetrical person himself, that is, his two eyes and ears and hands would be unusually alike. It was found however that the identical twins were less often symmetrical individually than other twins who did not look alike, and who were also examined.

Mentally the twins examined were found to be strikingly similar in intelligence, the report stated. The youngest ones were more alike than the older ones, and the similarities were particularly close in answering questions which involved in-born or inherited tendencies and abilities, it was found.

—Science Service.

Even though children steal things, they are not necessarily thieves.

A parent may make a child into a thief by making it afraid of public opinion.

No amount of experimentation can ever prove me right. A single experiment may at any time prove me wrong. —Albert Einstein.

Because of the sugar content of honey, bacteria harmful to health do not multiply in it.

Only once have I been made mute. It was when a man asked me, "Who are you?"

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Books . . .

"LET FREEDOM RING"

By ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

published by BONI & LIVERIGHT, 1928.

All true lovers of liberty will thrill to the tune of this buoyant chronicle as it sweeps through modern America's fight for freedom. Long needed and much anticipated, the book is here.

As an active and gratuitous member of the American Civil Liberties Union, the author has been called to practically all parts of our so-called democracy in his effort to uphold the inherent rights of those caught in the vortex of Twentieth Century politico-economic intrigue. Now he records the gist of these battles.

The Scopes trial in Dayton, Tennessee, the American Mercury case at Boston, the Vintondale, Pennsylvania, coal-mine war, the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and the famous "Captive" case,—these are a few of the struggles in which Arthur Garfield Hays has been involved, and which he here brings to us.

No novel, this; but a bare transcript from life, as seen through the eyes of a shrewd barrister and an ardent patriot. Yet no novel could contain more color, anguish, ecstasy, or sweeping drama. And for dramatic personae, there are William Jennings Bryan, Clarence Darrow, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Coolidge, mountaineers, Bostonians, negroes, workers, intellectuals, Fundamentalists, artists, politicians. All types, all creeds, every elemental character we find here.

Mr. Hays is neither scandal-monger, anarchist, nor fiery fanatic. What he writes is simple, real, earnest. Unembellished, tolerant, orderly, "Let Freedom Ring" will prove invaluable as an account of modern Libertonians. That is, to those few who still care about such things.

—R. H. Mercereau.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS

The Book Club of California are bringing out a de Luxe Edition of selected poems of Robinson Jeffers with a foreword by Professor Ben Lehman of Berkeley. This will probably be called "Night and Other Poems" and will be beautifully printed by Edwin Grabhorn of San Francisco. The book can be owned only by members of the Book Club.

Jeffers also appears in a French anthology of American verse edited by Eugene Jolas (who edits the Latin Quarter magazine Transition in Paris.) L'Étalon Rouan sounds exceedingly well in French and one gets a new angle on the Roan Stallion in this language. Listen:

Et lui, la bouche se courbant comme celle d'un faune, imagina la chasse sous les bois rouges solennels, la victime Haletante et non résistante, saisie dans un coin sombre. Il vida le verre et s'en

alla dehors.

Dans les allées bigarées de clair de lune.

There are also translations of the work of Charles Erskine Scott Wood, Witter Bynner, Arthur Davison Ficke, Carl Sandburg and 123 other American poets.

Heavenly Discourse, the volume of short satirical pieces (dialogues in heaven) by Charles Erskine Scott Wood, which appears in a 50 cent edition published by the Vanguard Press, is to be issued in a new edition, beautifully bound, by Macy-Masius, at \$2. The Vanguard edition sold well, "but the publishers received hundreds of letters," writes the N. Y. Times Book Review, "from people objecting to the low price. They did not want cheap books." That is why the Vanguard Press is raising the price.

NO MATTER

Dr. Vernon Kellogg in Human Life As the Biologist Sees It (Holt):

In Stanford University a number of years ago I used to walk down an avenue lined with trees—I believe they were trees—to the beautiful quadrangle of buildings, with a companion, now a distinguished professor of philosophy in an important Eastern University, who proved during our walk each morning by what was to me a verbally irrefutable logical argument that there were no trees along our way and no quadrangle before us. However, when after successfully avoiding the

THE CARMELITE, August 22, 1928

tree-trunks, we reached the quadrangle we entered it quite naturally and unsurprised, and went on under its arcades to take up our duties in our respective classrooms in it. We, or rather the professor of philosophy, had simply had a pleasant after-breakfast exercise in mental gymnastics. We had done our other gymnastics before breakfast.

—Science Service

EPIGRAMS OF ORAGE

It is a thousand times better to paint a bad picture than look at a good one.

We no longer ask: "Is a man's philosophy true?" We say: "How did he come by it?"

We've developed as far as we can go with Nature. We have now got to develop mind.

We are bound to see the universe as our body permits.

Metaphysics is a short-cut to complete ineffectiveness.

We can't change our behavior or our emotions: we can only think the thoughts that are in the brain-pattern.

There isn't any use living, but can we help it?

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Poems . . .

THE REBELLIOUS VINE

One day, the vine
That clomb on God's own house
Cried: "I will not grow,"
And, "I will not grow,"
And, "I will not grow,"
And, "I will not grow."
So God leaned out his head,
And said:
"You need not." Then the vine
Fluttered its leaves and cried to all the
winds:
"Oh, have I not permission from the
Lord?
And may I not begin to cease to grow?"
But that wise God had pondered on the
vine;
And all the while it laboured not to grow,
It grew; it grew;
And all the time God knew.

—Harold Monroe.

WHAT IS MATTER

Bertrand Russell, in The Saturday Review of Literature, says:

I think that if we were to search for one short phrase to characterize the difference between the newer physics and that of past times, I should choose the following: **The world is not composed of "things."** To the metaphysician this is no new idea, but in the past the metaphysician could not point to the technique of science as being on his side, and he was therefore unable to combat the popular metaphysics which survived contentedly alongside of his speculations. Nowadays, physicists, the most hard-headed of mankind, the people associated more than any others with the intellectual and mechanical triumphs that distinguish our epoch, have embodied in their technique this insubstantiality which some of the metaphysicians have so long urged in vain. "We are such stuff as dreams are made on" was once a piece of poetic imagination; now it is among the presuppositions of physics.

—Science Service.

NEO-BEHAVIORISM

Carmel, Calif. Aug. 19, 1928.

The Editor, The Carmelite.

Carmel, Calif.

Dear Editor:—

I am enclosing herewith a scientific contribution to the newer psychology, and I beg your careful consideration of the same for publication in your estimable paper, The Carmelite.

If not deemed suitable for your publication, kindly return the manuscript as I only wrote on one side of the paper and I can use the other side for something else.

Very respectfully yours,
Olaf Ludicrusky.

* * *

NEO-BEHAVIORISM

Returning from the lecture last night, my awareness was so increased that I couldn't get to sleep for two hours. What is more, I had profited so much by the new enlightenment, that as I lay awake I devised an entirely new system, quite in advance of behaviorism or Orage, which I have named, simply, Neo-behaviorism, (from the Greek "neos.")

My system translates mental processes into arithmetical symbols, so that the summation of mind or intellect may be expressed in a mathematical formula. My love for humanity prompts me to publish the system to the world, gratis, leaving the dough-re-mi for others.

In elucidating this system, we may skip over man's place in the universe, as this was well covered in the lecture. You will recall that development on earth passed through the stages of mineral, crystal, cell, on up through the stone age, the bronze age, and now we are in the meat age. This will be clear when we reflect that man is a walking column of flesh.

Consider this specimen, the human body, as a chunk of meat. It has a brain (cerebrum); viscera (liver and lights); and a sensory-motor mechanism (eyes, ears, and extremities). Mental processes, or acts of thinking, which are exceedingly rare, pass through three stages; i. e. (1) formation of the image, (2) sensation of emotion, (3) action. The image is formed in the cerebrum; the emotion is felt in the viscera; and the action takes place in the sensory-motor apparatus or muscles. It is the harmonious correlation of these three processes which constitutes thinking. You will note that there are only three stages or constituents of thinking. These have been designated as dough-re-mi, in the developmental stages of the mind. That's as far as we've got in our present stage of development. We have glimpsed the so-la but not fa. Why worry so long as we have the dough. I prefer to use the arithmetical symbols or digits, i. e. 1, 2, 3. Now, by giving mental functions and their anatomical corollaries, numerals, we can arrange formulæ which enable us to arrive at digits beyond 1, 2, and 3. For example, let:

image....1	cerebrum....1'
emotion....2	viscera....2'
action....3	muscles....3'

If we add these numerals we have the number 12, but we have not advanced, because the number 12 is made up of the digits 1 and 2. After considerable search for a means to obtain the remaining digits, representing man's higher potentialities, beyond 1, 2 and 3, I have arrived at entirely new formulæ, as follows:

(2 plus 3) minus 1 equals 4
1 (2 plus 3) equals 5
1 plus 2 plus 3 equals 6
1 plus (2x3) equals 7
(1 plus 3) x 2 equals 8
1 (3x3) equals 9

Here we have basic formulæ for obtaining all the digits beyond 1, 2, and 3 and hence, a means for arriving at complete

and perpetual awareness, as well as a key to all life's problems. These formulæ must be thoroughly memorized and become an integral part of the psyche of those who would attain complete self-realization. As one example of application of the formulæ, take the following: Function (image, emotion, action) divided by anatomy (cerebrum, viscera, muscles), is represented in this equation:

$$\frac{1 \text{ plus } 2 \text{ plus } 3}{1' \text{ plus } 2' \text{ plus } 3'} \text{ equals what?}$$

Solving the equation we get 6 divided by 6 equals zero, which proves there is no soul.

Have you ever noticed in one of your rare moments of thought, that this mental exertion is accomplished by strumming a tune with the fingers? But this is usually a low down tune such as "Yes, We Have No Bananas," which accounts for the low level of the thoughts. Now, I have observed that by substituting classical music such as a Bach fugue for the low jingle, the plane of the thoughts is greatly elevated.

Another interesting and important observation. By cutting out all meat in the diet, we change the chemical reaction of the body fluid from acid to alkaline, thus radically changing the formula for the hydrogen ion concentration from Ph 1.23 to Ph 7.35, which is the norm for rational thinking.

All of which goes to prove that Art is a monstrosity, and painters and poets are the bunk. But what of it?

—Olaf Ludicrusky.

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KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

(Where do we stop?)

She knew there were not many potatoes left but she had felt sure there were enough for dinner. Now, at five o'clock, a mile from any store, she found the bag empty.

"David," she called, "Do you know anything about the potatoes?"

"No, but I saw Max cutting some a while ago."

"Max!" she called, "Did you take my potatoes?"

The child came running in from the yard. "Oh, mother, come and see."

She went out with him, holding the little grubby hand.

"Don't make a noise," he said, "You'll frighten them."

Carefully corralled in a circle of sticks and stones, he had two or three great hideous potato-bugs. All around them, chopped neatly into heaps and calmly ignored by the bugs, were the potatoes she had counted on for dinner.

"But darling," she expostulated, "I needed those potatoes!"

"Yes, but mother" said the child, "The poor things were starving!"

THOUGHTS TO SET ONE THINKING

Mr. Orage denounces epigrams. They are true only for the place, at the moment, where they are uttered. Understanding this and allowing for it, we offer some of Mr. Orage's occasional—epigrams:

Twins are hereditary, and so are unhappy marriages.

* * *

There is no hope.

* * *

Intuition is the accidental concurrence of feeling and thought.

* * *

My opinions are my autobiography.

* * *

We are corrupted by language.

* * *

There is no difference between "I" and "A. E. Orage."

* * *

Maybe all our values are wrong, that is, not in accordance with those of the normal man. The "normal" man is the man who is doing what he wants to do.

* * *

We should do what we really, essentially, deeply wish to do.

* * *

If you want real sympathy you don't go to a sentimentalist.

* * *

A duty is laid on men to become self-conscious.

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Mrs. Marcella Burke gave a picnic for Mr. and Mrs. Orage at the Highlands on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams and Mr. Rhys Williams were of the party.

Miss Margery Davis of Santa Barbara spent some days in Carmel this week. She has been on the staff of "Time" in New York. She is a sister of Miss Nancy Davis who has been living in Carmel and studying painting with Armin Hansen.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Summer Greene entertained at dinner in honor of Max Pantelieff and Consuelo Cloos last Sunday night. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rhys Williams were present.

"The Play's the Thing"

but after the play

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The first thought of God was an angel.
The first word of God was a man.

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